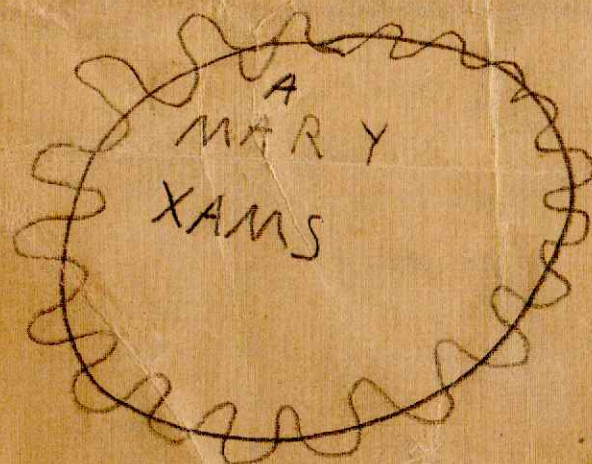


A

MARY  
XMAS

LEROY. WOODS





## The Village Blacksmith

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
a village smith he stands. The smith  
a mighty man is he, with large and  
sinewy hands. And the muscles of his  
strong arms are strong as iron bands.  
His hair is crisp and black and long.  
His face is like the tan. His brow is  
wet with honest sweat he earns  
what he can. He looks the whole world  
in the face for he once not any  
man. With mallet and anvil  
till night you can hear his bellows blow.  
You can hear him sawing his heavy  
sledges with measure cut and  
slow. Like the slooten ringing  
the village bell when the

evening sun is low. And the  
children coming home from  
school look in at the open  
door.